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MASSACHUSETTS AND RUM.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED APRIL 9, 1871.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY,

IN THE

Church of Our Father, East Boston,

BY THE PASTOR,

REV. W. H. CUDWORTH.

BOSTON:

**PUBLISHED BY THE
MASSACHUSETTS TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.**

11, CORNHILL.

1871.

ADDRESS.

Between latitudes $41^{\circ} 15'$ and $42^{\circ} 53'$ and longitudes $69^{\circ} 56'$ and $73^{\circ} 32'$ in North America, is a tract of land one hundred and sixty miles long and from forty-seven to one hundred and ten miles wide, in the safest and most commodious harbor of which, just two hundred and fifty years and four months ago, a single vessel of one hundred and eighty tons burden cast anchor, having on board one hundred and two persons of the type still common in Boston and along the South Shore, persons of a serious, thoughtful, religious cast of character, yet calm, straightforward, resolute, almost stubborn, who had abandoned their dear English homes several years before for Amsterdam and Leyden in Holland, in pursuit of religious liberty; but finding a residence there irksome and unsatisfactory, had resolved to brave the dangers of the sea, the hostility of savages, the perils of famine and sickness, and settle in the new world.

people. Personally they must be free, morally free, spiritually free, politically free; and practically they wish to be godly, saying, doing, and being whatever God, by his Word, or in his Providence seems to require. It is no glory to us that we have increased from fifty persons to over twelve hundred thousand, during the last two hundred and fifty years, for numerical greatness is the poorest and weakest kind of greatness, but that we have compelled our rocky hills and unpromising vales to yield abundant harvests, have fringed our mountain streams and rivers with busy manufactories, have belted cities and towns in every direction together with the iron highways of rapid communication, or flashed instantaneously the same intelligence from all parts of the world, to all the people within our borders, is glorious. And that springing from all this material activity, are an intellectual enthusiasm, moral purity and intense spirituality, which fill our towns and cities with schools and churches, cover our hills about us with colleges, keep thousands of presses busy day and night, printing newspapers which supply nine-tenths of the knowledge, information, and literary culture our people possess,—this is more glorious still, and no candid and thoughtful person can deny, that the spectacle of such a Commonwealth, free, self-governed, opulent, virtuous, intelligent, progressive, presents one of the grandest subjects for contemplation possible to conceive.

Massachusetts, with an area of seven thousand eight hundred square miles, or four million nine hundred and ninety-two thousand acres, is now the home of over one million two hundred thousand people, and with the single exception of Rhode Island, is the richest State, per capita, in the Union.

It is divided into fourteen counties and has three hundred and twenty-three towns and villages, and fifteen cities. In a single year there are twelve thousand marriages, about

between Boston and Newton, and thousands of people sneered and laughed at the whole thing, predicting that it would prove the greatest folly and failure of modern times. Now there are fifty-three active Railroad Corporations in the State, with eighteen hundred miles of track, a capital of one hundred millions, which Corporations last year carried between three and four millions of people, an aggregate of forty, or fifty millions of miles. Besides these were nineteen Horse Railroad Companies, whose total income last year was over twelve millions of dollars, with dividends reaching three millions, various insurance companies, fire, marine, life, health, stock and accident, dividing millions among their patrons and stock-holders, and various other branches of business enterprise and industry, which collectively increased the money value of last year's thought and toil in Massachusetts to the enormous sum of five hundred millions of dollars. Of this, a large sum was spent for living, paying off debts, taking up mortgages, and re-investment elsewhere. But a considerable portion went to the two thousand churches of the State, with their two hundred thousand regular attendants, to the five thousand schools, academies and colleges with their three hundred thousand students and pupils, and to the various benevolent and philanthropic institutions, which next to our churches and schools, form the most noteworthy and commendable feature of our Christian civilization.

Such is Massachusetts in 1871, two hundred and fifty years after the pilgrims had decided to live or die round Plymouth Rock. A State where every human being can learn to read and write, can earn a comfortable subsistence, can acquire an independence, can obtain information upon every topic desirable to understand, and rise to honor and usefulness in due season, a State settled for the furtherance of Freedom and Godliness, a State still stanch, vigorous and

seven millions of dollars, besides more than one-half of those treated for sickness at the hospitals, public and private.

On the first of March, 1871, there were two hundred and ninety-one grain distilleries and six molasses distilleries in this country, producing daily two hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-four gallons of strong drink, or sixty-four million one hundred and sixty-five thousand two hundred gallons per annum. Upon the first of April, the distilleries were three hundred and twenty in number, having increased twenty-seven in a single month, with an additional daily production of three thousand six hundred and sixty-six gallons, all spirituous liquors.

New York City has always been a place famous for the consumption of domestic and imported liquors. As a result, during the last ten years one hundred and thirty-two thousand two hundred and three persons have been imprisoned for drunkenness alone; two thousand five hundred and twenty-two have drank themselves into their graves, and a great multitude into the pauper and insane asylums which almost cover Blackwell's Island.

If Boston, for the next ten years, goes on as it has been going on the last year, nothing can prevent its becoming as bad as New York by that time. Under the present wretched law, the production and consumption of ale and lager bier has increased to such an extent that figures seem almost incredible. There are twenty establishments in and around Boston where ale is brewed, using a capital of eight millions, and employing one thousand men; and they produced about ninety-four thousand more barrels during the first nine months of 1870, than in the first nine months of 1869. The whole number of barrels produced during 1870, according to official returns, was four hundred and fifty-two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven, which retailed at five cents per glass, would bring in over twenty-five millions of

opened. Look! see them there in all the imaginable attitudes of horror and guilt, of suffering and shame, of desperation and wretchedness; three thousand men and women killed in this State alone by strong drink! Oh, it is horrible! And behold, God has his eye upon every one of them, for they are his children, he made them all to be prosperous, to be holy, to be happy, and he looks from them to the distillers, to the liquor dealers, the bar-room keepers, the license men, the moderate drinkers, who brought them there, who blasted their prosperity, who destroyed their happiness, who sent them wallowing through the filth of sensualism down to the drunkard's grave. And upon you and me, likewise, God fixes his unavoidable gaze, and asks us if we have done all we could to prevent such a state of things, and if not, why not? Why not, then? We must answer this question sometime. Let us answer it to-day. Three-fourths of all the poverty and wickedness existing in this land to-day are caused by strong drink. Jail records and prison registers show us that two-thirds of the condemned felons in durance vile have been addicted to habits of intemperance. Our own City Clerk affirms that eighty per cent. of the offenders transported in the Henry Morrison to the Deer Island reformatories, and other penal city institutions, are the victims of strong drink. The Chief of the Boston Police says in his last report, that of the four hundred thousand persons arrested in the city during the last fourteen years for crime, two hundred and twenty-five thousand attributed their fall to the use of strong drink as a beverage; and to the laxity of State law and public sentiment in this important particular it is owing, that drunkenness has increased within that time as is variously estimated, one hundred per cent. States' Prison Warden Haynes adds to these appalling statements the declaration that of the twenty-one convicts sentenced for murdering their wives, two for

associations, but they do not eradicate the evil. They will try something else, then, and they will keep on trying, working, praying, talking and believing, until they do succeed. Several years ago, one of our pioneer ministers heard a mother, in the wilds of Maine, singing her child to sleep with these words—

“The drink that’s in the drunkard’s bowl
Is not the drink for me,”

The song was hushed, as he entered the cabin, and conversation turned on other topics. Recently, the same minister passed over the same route, and, as he approached the cabin, a boy was standing in the doorway humming—

“The drink that’s in the drunkard’s bowl
Is not the drink for me,”

“Who taught you that song, my boy?” said he. “Nobody; I always knew it,” said the boy. It had become a part of his being, in the unconsciousness of childhood, and he grew up, instinctively committed to the temperance cause. So it must be first in our Massachusetts homes. Intemperance is a very old evil, very firmly fixed in the structure and usages of society, and can rally for its defence a large part of the wealth, power and intellectual ability of great populous centres, like Boston. In Boston, alone, there are six thousand men, with a capital of thirty millions behind them, supported entirely by the manufacture and sale of strong drink. If these men are reasoned with, they may listen; if they are attacked, they will fight on the defensive.

They have carried quite a number of elections, they boast that they can carry any which they undertake, and that the City Government and General Court are under their control. As the rapid spread of intemperance, and the impotence of the law to stay its ravages, are plainly apparent, it does seem as though these words were no idle boast. But can such a state of things last? Not if all do their duty. And that duty I conceive to be, first, training up the young

evil continually, that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, toleration become complicity, and every man, woman, and child must now step forward and show their colors. Drunkenness has grown to be so common, liquor sellers so numerous, bold, defiant, that every parent has occasion to tremble, every home is in danger of being invaded by the destroyer. Men, boys, and even women stagger along our sidewalks, in broad daylight; in horse cars, ferry-boats and omnibuses people are constantly annoyed and insulted; up and down our streets of an evening you cannot go without being shocked by profanity or indecency, while in probably 300 of the 3,000 homes in East Boston, or 3,000 of the 30,000 in Suffolk County, or 20,000 of the 300,000 in Massachusetts, sorrow, quarrelling, passion, disease, poverty and crime continually riot, in defiance or derision of public sentiment, which seeks to extirpate them.

The trouble is, public sentiment, or public opinion, is not yet sufficiently strong or decided to join in a death grapple with this gigantic evil, which, nevertheless, so many would like to see exterminated. And until it is, laws and legislatures can make very little headway against it. When all our legislators are made to feel that the people are with them, and the people will back them up, their efforts to abate intemperance will not prove so futile or abortive. Some may suppose that legislators and laws can do this great work alone, and all we have to do is to get a stringent liquor law through the House of Representatives and Senate, with the signature of the Governor to it, and the whole thing is fixed and finished forever. Never was greater mistake! Legislatures and laws only begin things, they do not end them, and the signature of the Governor, without the sympathy and consent of the people, is a dead letter. It is worth next to nothing. Common sense and public sentiment, favorable to the temperance cause, so strong, so enthusiastic, so overwhelming, so unmistakable as to carry everything before

burned and tortured to death, in the United States, by rum, as everybody felt that night towards the Pemberton Mill sufferers, in Lawrence, and alcohol would not be permitted much longer to kindle its infernal fires in 3,500 tippling shops, spread all over Massachusetts, nor to consume unopposed the happiness, strength, property, virtue and very lives of 3,000 helpless drunkards; neither would eleven hundred thousand people appeal in vain against one hundred thousand, to laws and legislatures, to have a stop put for once and all to this whole deplorable business!

But allow me to present a second illustration of the power of public opinion.

Three years ago, a ship load of emigrants, saved from a water-logged transport, found drifting about in mid-ocean, were brought to the port of Boston, in a condition of destitution and beggary almost too abject and woe-begone to be credited. Mayor Frederic Lincoln, Jr., straightway notified benevolent people of their arrival, their misfortunes, their squalid condition, and solicited contributions for their relief. The whole city was at once sympathetically moved towards them. From East Boston and South Boston, from North End, and South End; from Erin's Alley and Beacon Street, Harrison Avenue and Washington Street, clothing, provisions, medicines, delicacies, and money poured in in such profusion, and people from all the walks of life came forward in such crowds to see if they could not do something, that in one day after the first call was made, the Mayor was obliged through the public prints to request the people to send in nothing more! Let the whole city be moved in a similar manner, not to two hundred sober, though poverty-stricken emigrants, but to over one thousand miserable inebriates, who at this very moment may be suffering the torments of hell with delirium tremens, shivering with want, perhaps moaning with pain, or dying in anguish in cellars, attics, back rooms, and other dismal abodes of poverty and vice in our midst, because they drink rum. Let the *whole city*, I

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